ACME 75c

MAYFAIR

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

SIX SHILLINGS Vol. 5 No. 2

INCORPORATING

King

WHAT'S SEXIER THAN A MINI-SKIRT?

an album of erotic fashion

HOW TO MAKE A MILLION AND STAY SANE

THE BARE STAR OF VENUS IN FURS

OK CORRAL: SHOULD EARP HAVE HANGED FOR IT?

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MAYFAIR

VOLUME 5 NUMBER 2

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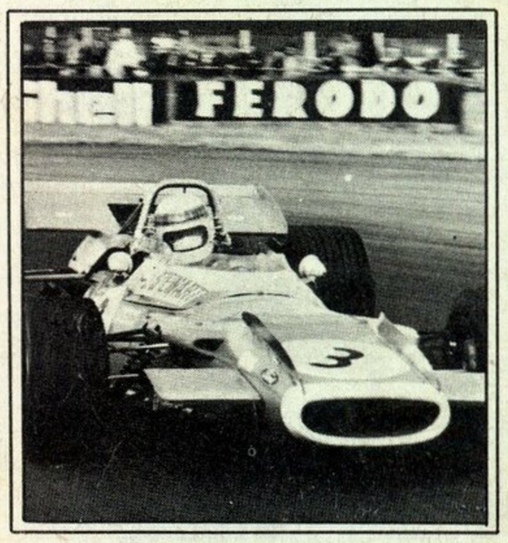

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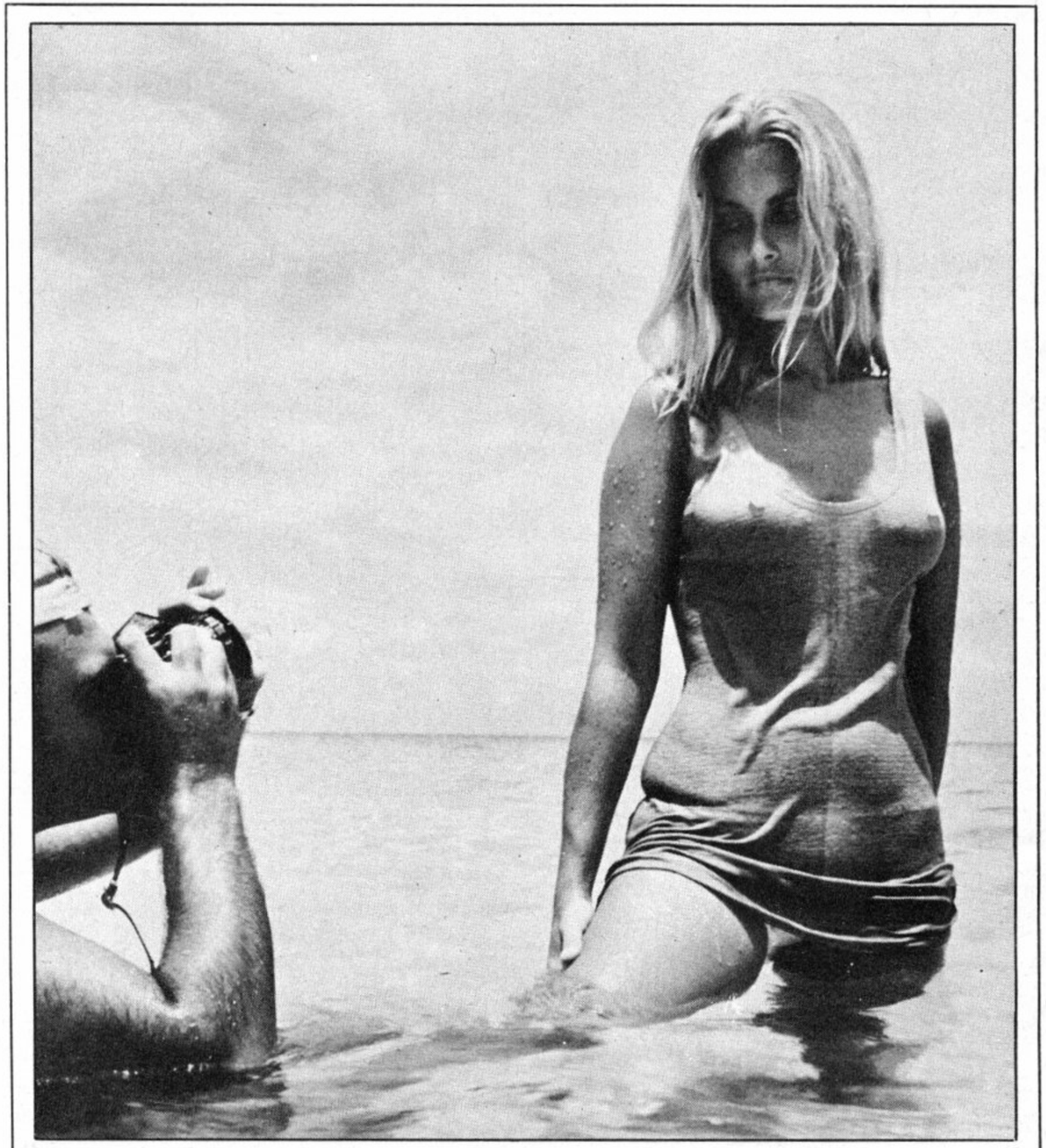

Pirelli calendar model Alexandra Bastedo: we'll never tire of her

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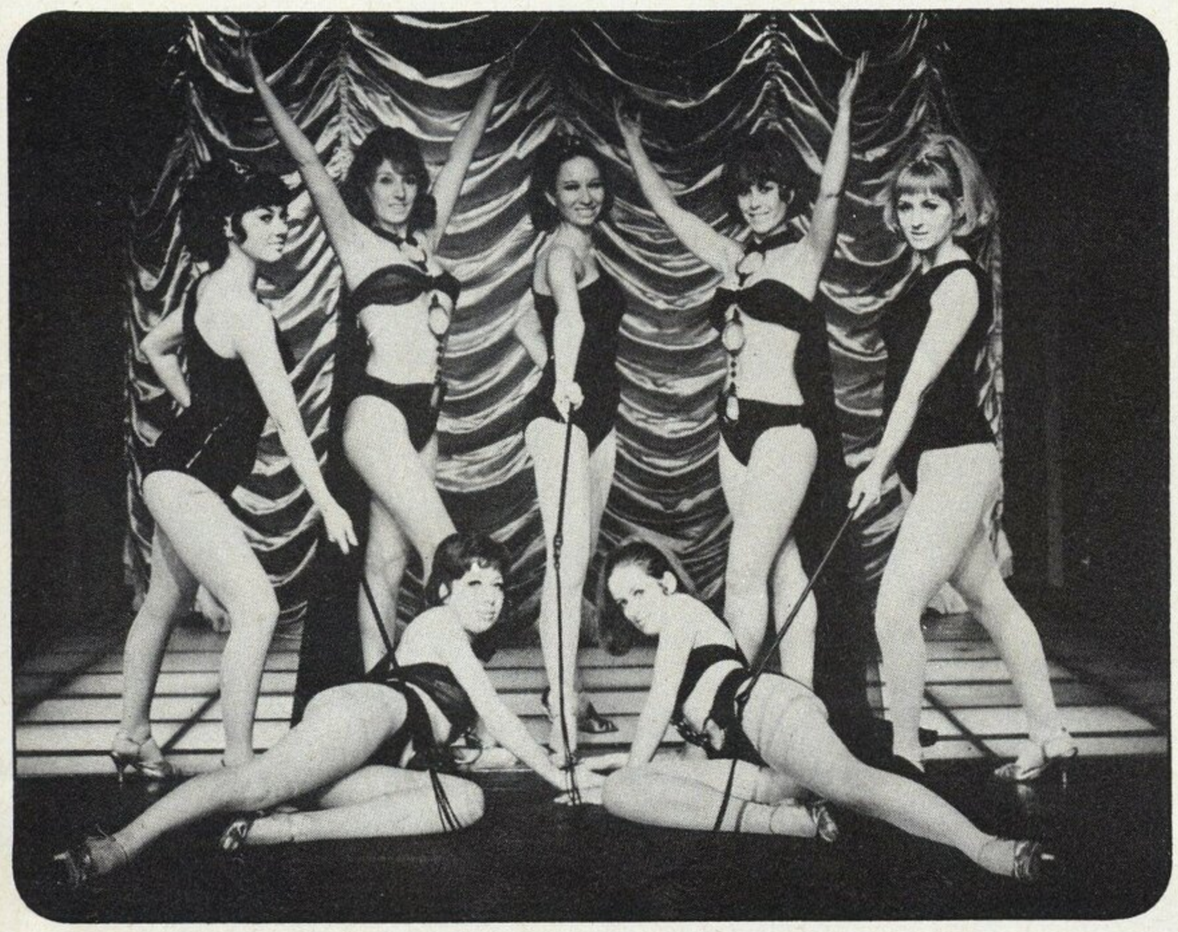

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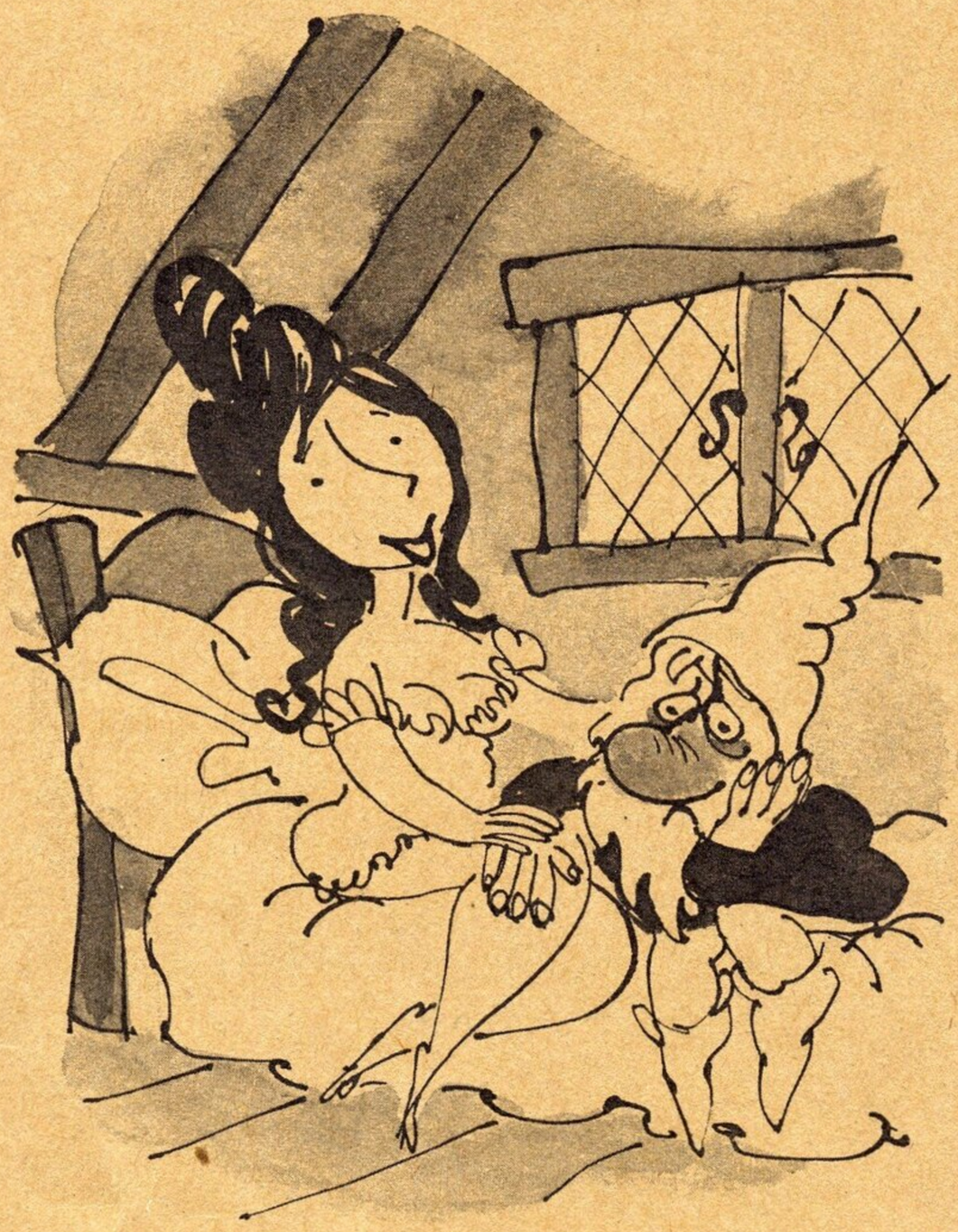
There are fairies with bare bottoms in my garden

What was so unbelievable about fairy tales was that they never once mentioned sex. We can hardly imagine a situation with more erotic potential than the young virgin who lived with seven hoary dwarfs. But if they ever tried a diminutive gang bang, we never got to hear of it. Roy Raymonde takes nine well-known fairy tales and tells them as they more likely were



'I'm sorry, Happy – it's just that I have a very ticklish navel'

'Two-way mirror on the wall, who is the sneakiest of them all?'

'Remember, my child – at midnight all your clothes will change back into a pumpkin – and that's when they'll jump on you'

'Well, if you leave trails of beans, you can't blame a body for following them'

'All right, wise guy, a kiss is enough'

'Gosh, Gloria – what an evening! Jack swallowed one of his magic beans'

'He said "Rapunzel, Rapunzel, let down your . . ." and I was in such a rush I didn't hear the rest'

'Turn again, Whittington?'

A love scene from 'Bed and Don't Tell', which scandalised Montreal. Andrée Flamand (that's her on the right) was the first girl to appear naked in French-Canadian films. 'Bed', which also stars Simon Brent (left) should appear in London cinemas during 1970. Andrée says of her nude appearances: 'If a girl has no talent for a love-scene, nude or dressed, she has no talent for any scene.' Her ideal mate, she says 'is an American admirer, an English husband, a French boyfriend, and an Italian lover.'

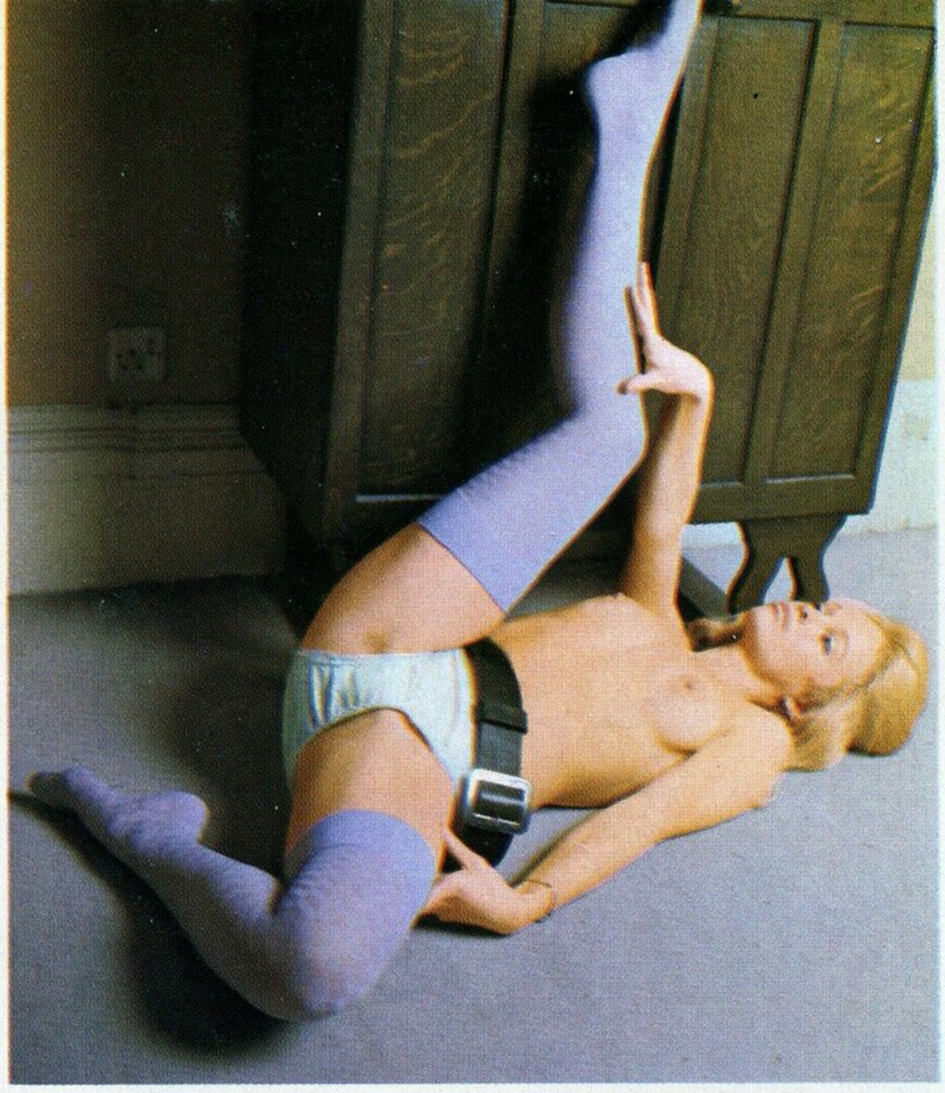
SHARON

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
JOHN ADAMS

She's elegant, she's intelligent, she's a twentieth-century fox. Is Sharon. Twenty-one years old, see, and born in Merionethshire, but working now in London, booking flights to Europe behind a travel agency desk. Sharon Moore. The kind of petite girl you see swinging her long-legged way down Regent Street and you'd like, out of curiosity maybe, or just out of being a man, to see her naked breast slip from her long black dress, the surprised nipple rising to meet the chill February afternoon air. A small breast, but very roundly shaped, and giving the lie to her hurrying facade, for it's the breast of a girl who can spend warm and lengthy hours in loving. You ever wondered about girls like Sharon? What they think about as they rush to Tube or bus or late appointment? Sometimes they're thinking about what the hell can I cook when I get back to my shared and chaotic flat. Or what can I wear tonight. But we like to think, and too often we're right, that she's thinking about that man, maybe it's you, maybe it's not, who will see and caress that tell-tale breast. We like that. A girl who thinks about men moves in a way that men appreciate. Sharon's got a way of walking, one foot flying in front of the other, so you can almost hear the nylon zizz between her thighs like frantic grasshoppers. Almost see

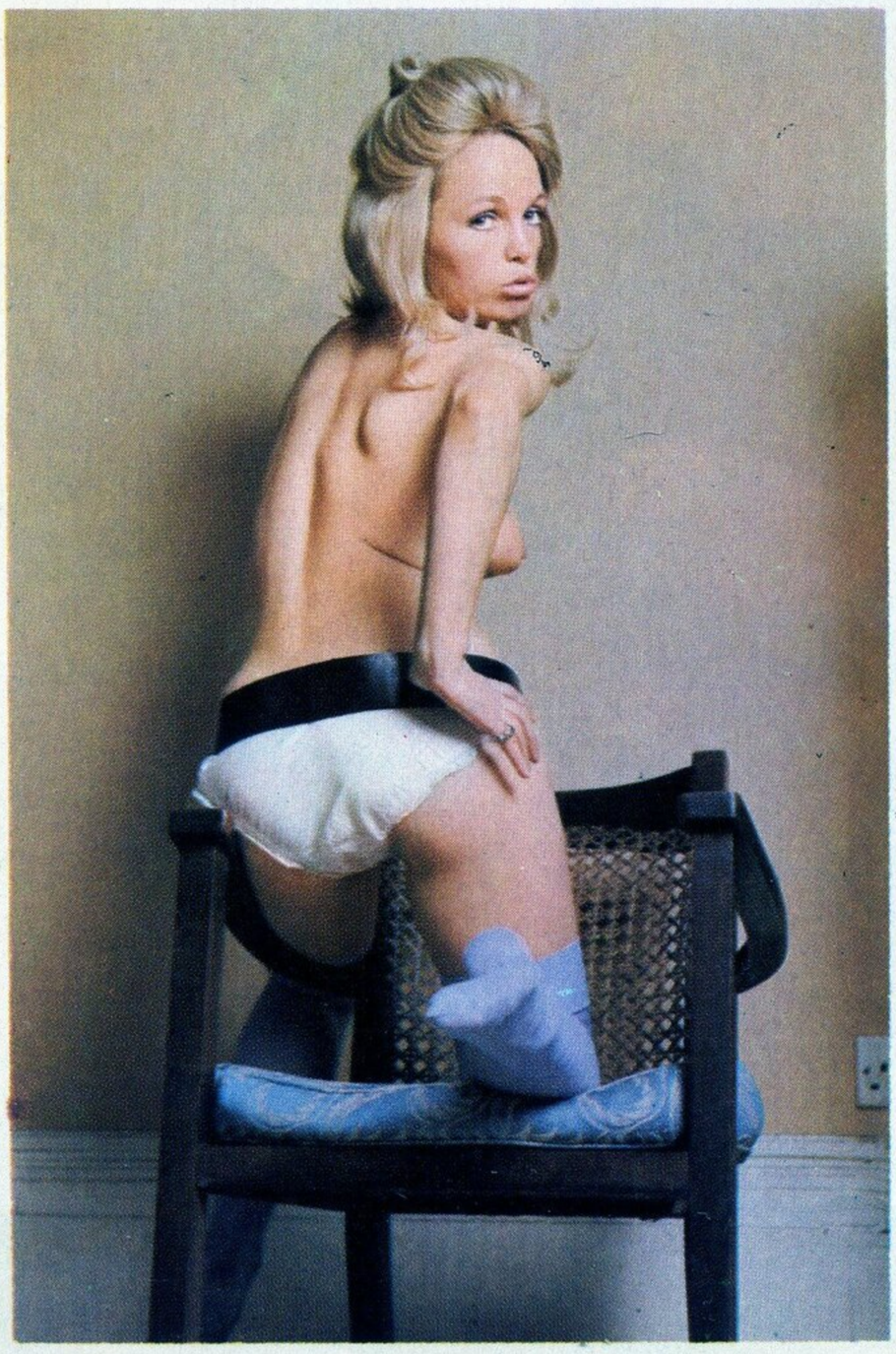
the pantie-crease jerk one way then the other as she strides. Then look here, as she shifts across her bedspread, the noise of Regent Street locked away for one more day. A bare body to look long at; to approach with as much consideration for its appearance as for its soft tactile experience. We like the way her blonde hair slides strand by strand over her shoulders; so it's a wig, and there's cropped blonde hair beneath – that only means you get two girls in one, and you can tug that hair hard when it comes to it, and nobody's shrieking ouch. We like the way her breasts give that one-two-quiver as she turns, and sways absent-mindedly in the dim light; she's still now, but her breasts remind you she's turned towards you. And how she can look at you with a steady hot stare, trying to hold your eyes away from her hands as they softly unbutton, unbutton, unbutton, and then unzip, and then unhook, and then lastly when the atmosphere between you has grown thick with this undressing that you're not even watching too closely because her eyes hold you away, lastly with a whispering slide her panties course down her long legs and lie in a small frail puddle of white which her toe catches and flips into a dark corner. Then, you see, she's got a grip on us. That's what we like about her, Sharon Moore, that's what we appreciate in a girl like this. And she can sit there, on the bed, daring you with her slim dolly body to come just that bit closer to Sharon

'As a matter of fact, I was searching for a long-lost missionary aunt. But let it pass . . .'



you've caught her as she wants to be, a leggy, sentimental girl with a clear primary-school voice and an over-zestful love for being pampered. 'Nowadays, nobody wants to pamper you,' she says, eyebrows meticulously raised. 'The most you ever get out of a man is a quick meal.' Instead, Madeline would rather be given presents, like a large box of real Turkish delight, a secondhand fox stole, a pet cat, some intricate marbles, a pocket chess set, a set of leather-bound encyclopaedias. For you must remember that girls like Madeline are still children in their tastes, still greedy for affection, and willing to give their newly womanly warmth in return. She is 18, born in Peterborough, but she could just as easily have stepped out of that dream world that borders on Alice in Wonderland and Lolita. Stepped with long legs that are fascinatingly double-jointed, and can spread limber and wide. Bringing her elfish smile and her curious tastes to any man who doesn't mind an evening of serious talk about the sadness of Winnie the Pooh, the tiny heartbreaks of Peanuts, or the tragedy of Edward Lear's Jumblies. 'I suppose you might call me a nutter,' Madeline says, lighting a cigarette with the awkward grace of a 14-year-old trying her first smoke. 'But it's only because I

like old nursery things. I don't think you have to abandon them just because you get older.' Madeline's bare body is fascinating to watch. She's been trained to walk elegantly under clothes that are last-minute-pinned, and her deportment is part of her dream. There's no sound as she walks over the boards of her London flat except a faint pad-pad of stockinged feet and little toes. When she's out of the room, it's so quiet you can hardly believe she was ever there. But she'll come back in a moment, and stand against the sloping February light, and the parted mouth she offers you is real.



MAYFAIR'S GIRL OF THE MONTH / MADELINE VERE

'And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine'

William Wordsworth (1770-1850)

DOCTOR — WON'T YOU PLEASE PUT YOUR HAND ON MY BREAST?

IT WOULD BE MORE THAN MY CAREER IS WORTH — I'D BE STRUCK OFF!

PLEASE

NOT EVEN A QUICK FONDLE?

I DAREN'T RISK IT...

BUT SURELY — A GENTLE CARESS ... A DISCREET STROKE OR TWO ... WHO WOULD EVER KNOW?

NO! NO!

I CAN SEE THE HEADLINES NOW... 'G.P. GROPES WITH PATIENT' — IT WOULD RUIN ME — AS IT IS THERE'LL BE HELL TO PAY...

IF THE B.M.A. EVER FINDS OUT I'VE BEEN LAYING YOU!

Barry Knowles

Now I grab your blouse and throw you, Sylvia Oops. It's come off in my hand

Edward Knox investigates the erotic possibilities of judo

Dear Charles Atlas,

Do you ever think about sex? Come on, I bet you do. Although it's hard to tell, looking at your photograph, whether you do or not.

You could be just dwelling on your own muscly magnificence, and I don't really blame you. I don't know anyone else of pension age who could demand their weekly assistance by twisting a postmistress' neck between the bars of her grille.

You might be thinking about non-greasy hair tonic, or colour television, or where you'll go when you die. Is there a Celestial Workout Room; where sinewy seraphims stretch shining chest-expanders for ever? But I reckon you think about sex, Charlie, just once in a while, hey? At least I hope you do, because my problem comes within the confines of that particular subject.

You see, I don't need a magnetic personality to attract toothy girls in one-piece swimsuits, although thank you very much for offering it. I don't need a broad back, a bigger chest, big arm muscles, tireless legs, more weight, and a valuable trophy that will make me the envy of my friends.

I want to know how I can cope with a hungry beast of a woman in bottom-high skirts.

Now I will quite understand if you write back and recommend me to the Church Army. There is a clear, uplifting purity in your eyes that may be intolerant of such behaviour.

But I'm hoping there's worldly wisdom there too, Chuck. With a name like Atlas there ought to be. And maybe you can drop me a few hints about putting a little more octane into my erotic endurance. I am not one of your celebrated skinny, scrawny, 7-stone, half-alive weaklings (although I know someone who is, and he earns £23,000 a year after tax). I am to say the least quite dapper, and several people have remarked on my resemblance to the gentleman on the Scotts Porage Oats packet.

It all began, Chas, when I put myself on a keep-fit campaign. I decided that dieting was out of the question. My GP said: 'Avoid fattening things, such as food.'

And I could not bear even a week of yogourt, simulated baked beans (which I presume give you simulated wind), and that damned bread that's so light you have to force it down against the table while you're eating in case it floats out of the window and is carried off by a passing hungry balloonist.

What I required was a course which would keep me in trim while I was still heartily in contact with good food and delicious dollies, and that is why I took up judo.

I arrived at the School of Oriental Combats on a drizzly Wednesday morning, with a gnawing fear in the pit of my stomach. I was shown into a dressing-room, and emerged looking like Our Man in Havana after his laundry had sent him Arthur Askey's white tropical tuxedo by mistake. Then I saw Miss Lostform, my instructress, and my confidence rose. She was tall and brunette, and underneath her loose judo outfit, her huge breasts bobbed like unleashed water-polo balls.

'Mr Knox,' she breathed, 'have you ever done it on the mat before?'

'Madam,' I riposted, 'I have done it in the Whispering Gallery in St Pauls on a wet Friday.'

She frowned, my lithe instructress. She showed me how to bow before battle commenced, and I could not keep my eyes off the rounded bottom that pushed against her thin slacks. She was fourth *dan*. To coin a joke (you may relax here) I had already reached desperate *dan*.

Then she gripped my lapels, reminding me uncomfortably of the favourite grasp of apoplectic husbands who have discovered you in the airing cupboard, put her foot under mine, and flung me flat on the floor. This happened 25 times that morning, and by the end of it I was thoroughly familiar with all the intricacies of the sisal mat.

'You're not very good, I'm afraid,' Miss Lostform informed me. 'You shouldn't lie down on the floor before I've actually thrown you.'

'Since the outcome was inevitable,' I replied with dignity, 'I thought I would save you the trouble. But I am a very keen learner. Won't you drop round to my flat on Saturday and give me a little extra coaching? I will cook you lunch.'

On Saturday, I prepared a light snack of peppered steaks, grilled trout and marrons glacés, all washed down with an amusing wine. (The amusing part about the wine, actually, was that the vintners had had the temerity to put it in a bottle at all.)

Miss Lostform arrived promptly, dressed in a crimson lacy blouse, and a quiveringly tight micro-skirt. As we ate, I found it hard to prevent my gaze from adhering to the glimpses of fulsome white bra that her blouse afforded me. And as the meal went on, I became so involved in Miss Lostform's high hard breasts that I tried to push a marron glacé into my nostril.

'Now,' I said, lighting a cigar, 'perhaps you can give me a few hints, Miss Lostform.'

'Of course, if you'll lay down your cigar for a moment. And do call me Sylvia.' She stood up, hitched her skirt on her wide, mobile thighs, and grasped my lapels again.

'Before you do that,' I interjected, 'might I not have a go at throwing *you*, Sylvia?'

My God, this judo language was so. . . *frank*!

She smiled, and stood there passively as I reached forward and gripped the frail lapels of her blouse. The thin material was stretched even tighter across her breasts, and I could feel them rigid and warm against my hands, like two new cottage loaves straight out of the oven.

'Do I say "banzai" before or after you hit the ground?' I enquired.

She trembled wonderfully. 'Just go ahead and throw,' she said.

I positioned my leg in between her smooth thighs, and then heaved. There was a shrill tearing of material, and she remained exactly where she was, her blouse ripped open to bare her brimful bra.

'I'm frightfully sorry,' I said lamely. 'I will buy you a new one without hesitation.'

'Never mind,' she replied testily. 'Look, you can still have a go, but be careful. I don't want to end up stark naked.'

Which I must admit was a very jolly idea. Carefully, reverently, I placed my hands on her tiny bra, curling my fingers round inside the straps. I could hear her breathing strongly, and her fixed expression made me feel highly nervous.

'Yokohama!' I cried, and heaved. There was a delightful twang and her bra came whipping away in my hands. She gave a little cry, and hastily raised her hands to shield her wide pink nipples.

'Miss Lostform . . . Sylvia,' I said, shocked. 'Do you think perhaps we'd better call it a day?'

Her reply to that was to seize my jacket and give me a rapid ouzosamurai throw. I thumped to the floor, and she leaped astride me, snarling quietly, her tiny skirt raised to show me a flash of red panties.

We struggled for a few moments, her bare breasts pushing against me, but in the end my superior weight overcame her. She lay underneath me, panting like a cougar, her eyes wild and glazed. I could feel her hips giving last resigned spasms.

'You're so . . . commanding, Mr Knox,' she whispered. 'No man has ever beaten me in a straight fight.'

I felt quite good about this, although I knew damn well it was my 15 shuddering stone that had done it. The bigger they are, the harder they fall. And I knew what it was about when it came to girl-wrestling.

Sylvia wriggled out of her skirt, and I slid away her panties down her karate-chopping legs. Soon we were bumptiously engaged in an Oriental sport even older than judo, but eight times more fun.

Now, Charles, you may be wondering why I am writing to you, since judo has obviously been so profitable for me. Well the plain fact is that although I can cope with the judo bit without much trouble, the après-judo bit is becoming rather exhausting. Sylvia is an insatiable woman, and this is beginning to have its effect on me. I am, in a nutshell, shagged out.

So please send me free details of your amazing 7-day trial offer and your book explaining Dynamic Tension crammed with photographs and valuable advice.

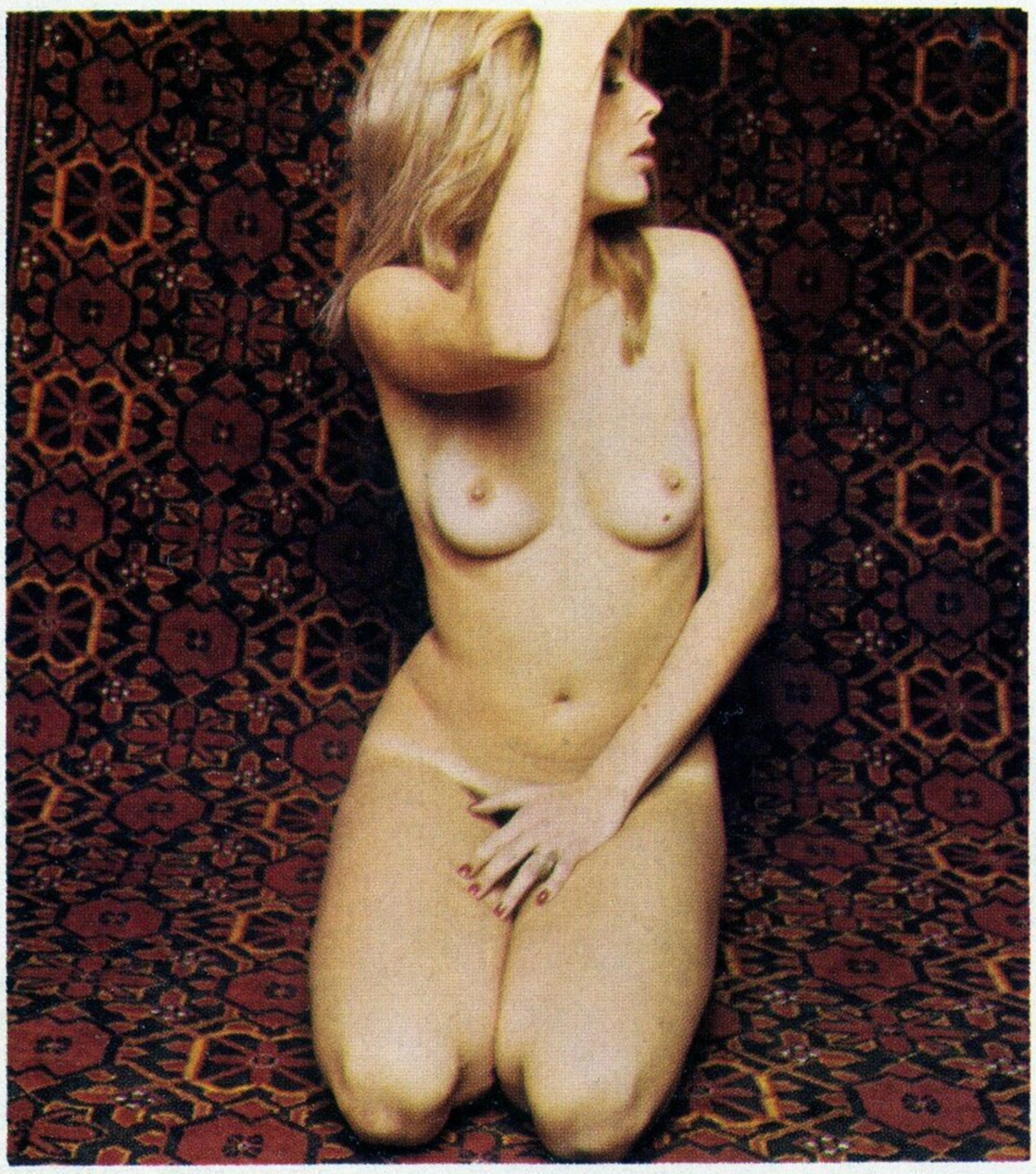
I understand that I will never get like a bulging sideshow performer or muscle-bound freak.

One further favour, Mr Atlas. You say I can just pick the kind of body I want. When I've finished with Sylvia, might I possibly have Raquel Welch?

Yours respectfully,

Edward Knox

CAROLINE



Caroline Keene, 23, feels she's at 'the dangerous age'. If a girl isn't married by then, she told us anxiously, she starts hunting. And it's during such matrimonial safaris that she lays herself open to 'all kinds of unscrupulous individuals.' Caroline's worth being hunted by. This tawny secretary from Brighton has a leonine, cagey look about her that appeals to our sense of man as female prey. Her 36–23–36 moves warily and elegantly. She has a warm, purring way of speaking that made goosebumps stand up on our arms, despite ourselves. When she moves towards you, you can't help feeling an incipient sense of alarm, as though she's about to pounce, and rip open your shirt with long hot claws. You'd be ravished, in a muscle-stretching tussle of tanned limbs and scissoring thighs. But then, when she gets closer, you can detect something else in her: a look of submissiveness as well. The lioness hunting for a hunter. And you can feel braver about facing Caroline.

Fie sir! what makes you think that sexiness started with mini-skirts?

Just because girls had no minis in the Middle Ages doesn't mean that men had no fun. Behind today's provoking fashions are centuries of girls who knew how to dress up to tease

A portfolio of prints by Ronald Cobb

The shrewdest assessment of female fashion came recently from French novelist Françoise Sagan. 'Dress has no meaning,' she said, 'unless it makes a man want to take it off.' It's a shrewd point because the appeal of girls' clothes to men is not so much in their style, their elegance, or their aesthetic beauty, but in the way they promise – and sometimes give – a glimpse of the girl beneath. No matter what period of history one considers, the sexy clothes were the ones that, in relation to what was considered discreet at the time, gave rewarding flashes of something erotically extra.

The mini-skirt might seem to be a far more erotic garment than the kirtle or gown of the girl above. Yet the men of 1470 could find her as exciting as we find today's King's Road dollies.

In fact, they had the chance of even greater rewards than we have now. It's true that we can see thighs in sheer nylon every day; and they only saw long gowns sweeping the ground. But whereas a lifted skirt today would reveal panties, the men of the Middle Ages knew that a raised gown brought into view first thick coloured hose, tied with ribbons, and then a naked mound of Venus. In everyday life, these men rarely saw more than a stockinged ankle. But that could well be enough to give them a twinge, for they knew the further delights that such a glimpse could precede. Today we could be in danger of losing this sense of erotic anticipation. The most revealing garments – sheer nylon tights – are already on show. Panties, after tights, are a retreat from revelation. Maybe, in the end, they will fall to the historic fashion precedent of showing a little at first, and more later. That would have supreme meaning.

Long gowns meant that men's attention focussed first on the breasts, and girls' dress showed a strong appreciation of this. Deeply-cut bodices, which often exposed the nipples, were in favour up to 1520. Later the nipples were covered, but bodices were tightly laced to push up the breasts – in a favourite phrase of the day – 'like two turtle doves'. Arms and shoulders were bared for the first time in 1,000 years; and this girl of 1650 would sit and walk so that her breasts protruded erotically

Edwardian girls reacted to the severe dress of female emancipation by indulging in over-elaborate and over-trimmed clothes. They were seeking to bring back the soft appeal of 'inferior' femininity. Men in those days were excited by the frou-frou sound of lacy underwear rustling under dresses, by slender waists in excruciatingly tight lacing, and by the glimpse of something plainly erotic amidst the frothy decoration. Girls deliberately gave naughty flashes of underwear in a 'studied disorder'

1970 – and girls' clothing is specifically designed to lead the male eye into glimpsing erotic sights. The bottom-high skirt attracts attention to the thighs and panties; the see-through and perforated dress give quite frank view of stomach and breasts. Dress like this is almost the bare bones of the 'glimpse' philosophy – no matter how a girl moves in it, she will reveal something more than when the dress is in repose. In some ways, it is a threat to the attraction of the quick erotic glance

COLLECTOR'S PIECES

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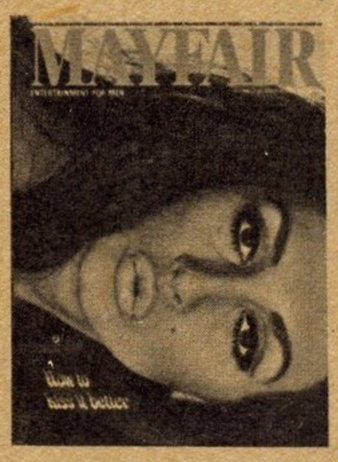

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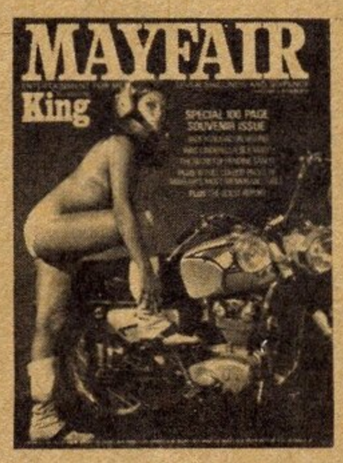

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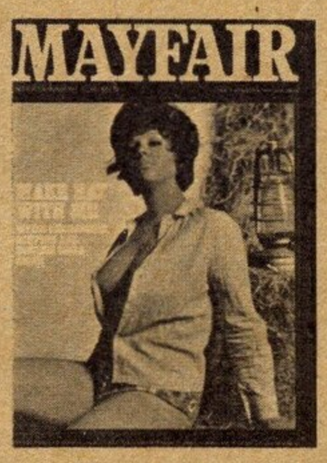

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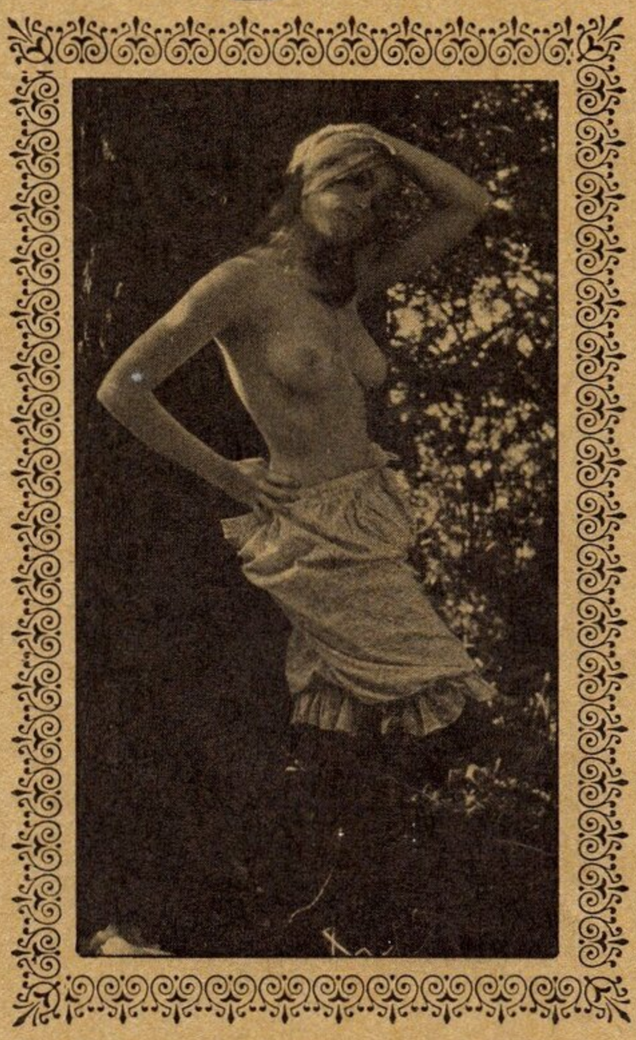
Next month in Mayfair

The Edwardian art of the roguish fondle



You are invited, sirs, to a picnic under the trees. With a silky coquettish maiden who's enough to give a stout fellow a rampant attack of the gung hos. There, in a demure aura of softly-ironed pantaloons and discreetly disclosed thighs, we shall recreate for you in faithful detail the naughtiness of Edwardian seduction.

Mayfair's Girl of the Year in a film for you

Caroline Dell, overwhelmingly elected Mayfair's Girl of 1969, now appears nude in a specially-made full-colour Mayfair film. Next month, a tantalising preview of the lissome girl who was awarded top honours, in delicious action.

Hairpieces: the Bald Facts – when you're wearing a toupee, is it really as invisible as the makers claim? Does it matter if it's not? Mayfair looks at the strategy of hair and its loss, in full colour pictures.

Shadow on the Snow – somewhere on this girl's body was the microfilm he desperately needed. And there was only one way to get it – roughly. A new spy drama in wintry setting, with icy climax.

Plus Quest, an elegant report on the Daimler, how to catch a bird in a bush jacket, much more.

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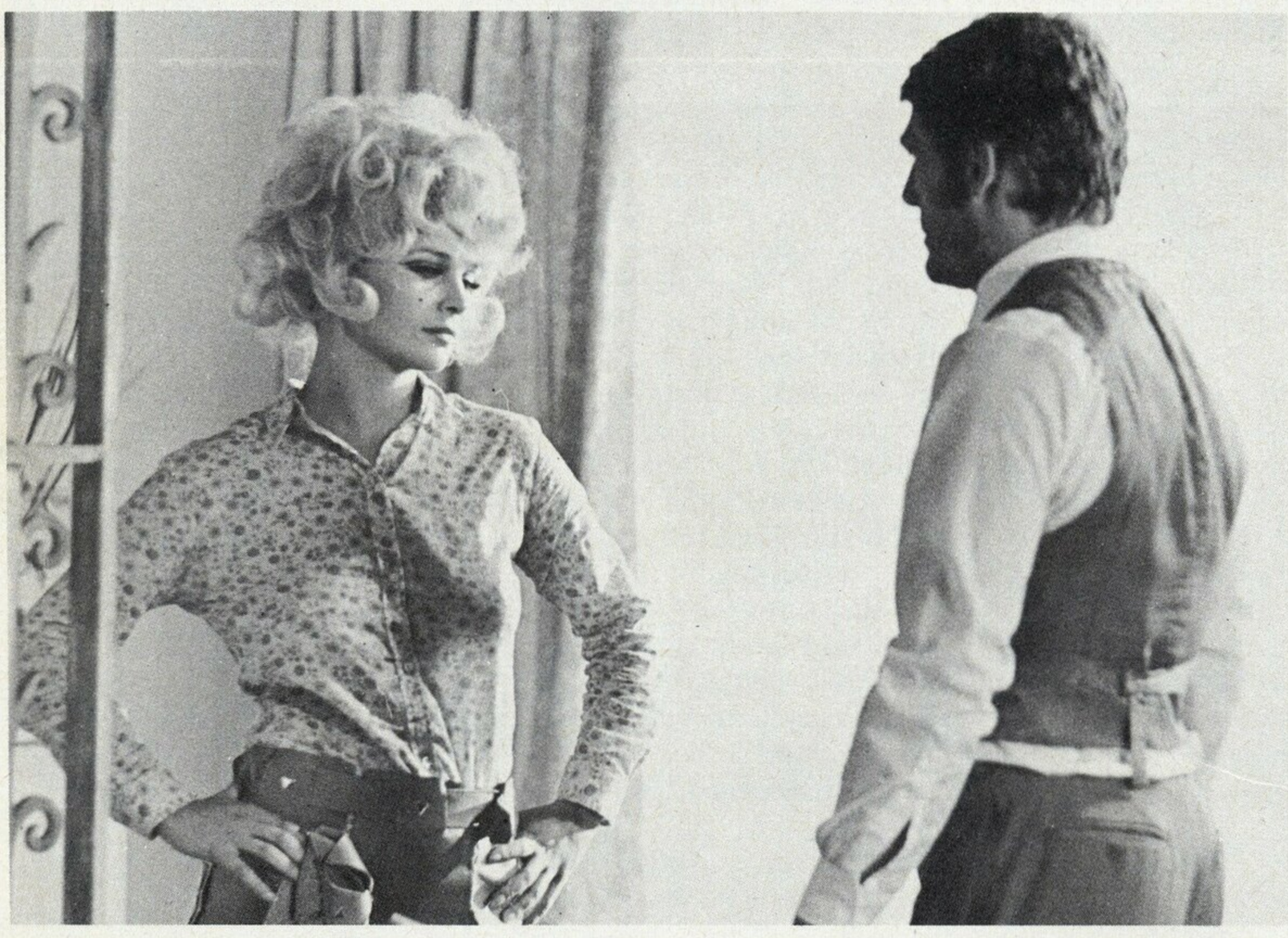
'Lot 46, ladies and gentlemen, is, to say the least, rather unusual'



Venus in Furs

Would you chauffeur your wife while she seduced a stranger in the back seat?

The label 'masochism' was coined in 1886 by Kraftt-Ebbing, the sexologist, after reading the original version of *Venus in Furs*, by Count Leopold von Sacher-Masoch.

Venus was the first novel to face the sexual fantasy of the dominant woman, and the man who found gratification in humbling himself.

Venus was a controversial epic at the time of its original publication. Now, nearly 100 years later, it promises to be the year's most argued-about film.

Masoch's story has been used as the basis for a modern sexual movie, starring a new young Italian actress, Laura Antonelli. Miss Antonelli has already gained the distinction of spending some time on the shelf of the US Customs shed.

The American customs at both New Orleans and New York have pounced on *Venus in Furs*, and are bringing powerful legal action to prevent its screening within the USA.

They may well succeed. After their failure to stop *I Am Curious–Yellow*, their case is probably going to be a tough one.

Fortunately for us in Britain, however, the club system will allow us to appreciate Laura Antonelli's debut without fuss.

Top left: Laura Antonelli as the heroine of Venus in Furs, Wanda. Centre left: Laura, in blonde wig, casts a cool eye over her husband, Severin, played by Regis Vallee. Bottom left: Severin drives his wife and a seducer

Venus in Furs opens at Cincenta's CineClub 24 in Tottenham Court Road, uncut.

Laura Antonelli looks like being a much hotter property than the girl in *I Am Curious*, Lena Nyman. For one thing, her figure is more in the Loren-Lollobrigida-Cardinale calibre. A supple, ripe, 37-23-35, to be precise.

At 22, Laura has already been signed by epic producer Dino de Laurentis for six major films. The first, a big-budget Western called *Sledge*, is already filmed. She is considerably less coy about nudity than Sweden's Lena. 'Nudity is not important. What is important is that a girl knows what she is doing. And why.' Laura evidently knows what she is doing, and it involves nudity. As *Venus in Fur's* heroine, Wanda, she is nude in scene after scene.

Left: dressed up in chains and jewellery, Laura fulfils Severin's desires by playing the part of a hard, dominating mistress. Above: one of Venus's attractive bit-players adds to the film's nudity quota in opened blouse.

In von Sacher-Masoch's original, Wanda was a Russian widow. In the film, she appears as a narcissistic model. Her lover, Severin (played by Regis Vallee) believes in true love being equated with true domination by one partner of the other, in successive and submissive degradation.

Severin, who in the book signs papers of slavery to Wanda, now marries her. But he still plays all the old sexual games in the modern manner, plus a few more dreamed up by director Massimo Dallamano.

For example, Severin often dresses up as Wanda's chauffeur while on honeymoon. He drives her around the Costa Brava and accepts with obvious relish the humiliating sight in his rear-view mirror of his wife making love to various picked-up strangers in the back seat.

Needless to say, the couple do not live exactly happily ever after. Wanda escapes, swapping disgust for ecstasy with a new, normal lover. Severin is trapped for ever in his neurosis.

'True pleasure,' says Severin, 'is synonymous with suffering.'

Perhaps the point of this film is that not everybody, and particularly not Wanda, agrees with him. It is a hard fact that when your bents bend differently from accepted behaviour, you are alone.

Venus in Furs, in some ways, is symptomatic of the sudden new liberation in the Italian film industry, with rival studios taking sexual candour as close to the edge as they dare.

It is more significant than that, though. It is the first major sex film of 1970, and the reactions to it, both from the public and from the American courts, will give a fair indication of how the winds of permissiveness are set.

The new phrase which is worrying the film industry this year is the 'puritan backlash', which may mean a withdrawal on the sex and nudity front.

Whatever happens, however, Laura Antonelli is still with us.

Top: the hands of her husband, Severin, reach out pleadingly for Laura Antonelli on her bed. She has other sexual interests, however (bottom) such as a lesbian affair with a young girl, and finally she leaves him.